

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

CALAMITY'S CHRONICRY.

The Bryanite party do not want a return of prosperity. Of course not. They are not that kind of people. They flourish greatly on calamity. They can not keep up with the procession of prosperous epochs. Being able to average only when everything is going wrong, with everybody in the soup, they do not desire good times. Besides with good times there would be no hope for party ascendancy. Good times would leave the free silver cause neglected and stranded. The proposed Republican wave of prosperity would leave the Bryan wing and its Pop contingent without occupation or hope. Bryan proclaimed but a short time since that he was willing to give Republican protection a fair trial. No body knows as to the honesty of the declaration judging from the action of the Bryan Democrats in congress it was insincere and not meant. These Democrats are obstructing the passage of the Dingley bill by every means in their power, secretly now, but soon their opposition will be open and avowed. Realizing that the revival of industries, and a quickened and increased circulation of money would, in bringing contentment, drown the chronic cry of calamity, they will leave no stone unturned, no subterfuge untried to defeat any measure which promises better times.

UNIVERSAL POSTAGE.

Tomorrow the Universal Postage Congress will convene in Washington. This congress will contain accredited representatives from every civilized power on the globe, and the whole world is therefore interested in its proceedings and outcome. International postal service now reaches many countries, but the goal sought is a universal service. When this congress of the world adjourns it may be confidently expected that the great step will have been accomplished. The plan and policy of a universal postal system is far reaching, not only commercially but politically. It will bring the world more and more in closer touch.

Thirty-five years ago Postmaster General Blair, of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, conceived the idea of bringing about a conference of the postal authorities of America and Europe. Up to that time the United States had distinct and separate agreements with eight foreign governments. The result was a multiplicity of rates, depending upon the route selected and the country or countries through which a letter passed. There was the domestic rate, the sea rate and the rate of each country traversed to be added. These combinations meant untold embarrassment, great expense in correspondence, and a most complicated system of accounts.

In the Paris conference of 1863 were representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Costa Rica and the Sandwich Islands. As a result of this meeting postal conventions were brought about among a number of these countries, and the work of enlarging the field of operations was pushed vigorously. Within ten years the maximum foreign letter rate charged in the United States was 84 cents, as against \$1.02 in 1863. Similar results, accompanied by a reduction of the number of rates charged in a single country and a consequent simplification of the postal system, were observed elsewhere.

From this encouraging beginning the plan for a universal postal treaty naturally developed. The plan took practical form at the congress which assembled at Bern in 1874, and at which the United States was formally recognized as the pioneer in international postal reform. In that year a treaty was signed on behalf of this government, Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Egypt, Spain, Greece, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, the Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Serbia, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, France and Montenegro. This treaty took effect July 1, 1875, and embraced within its operation a population of not less than 375,000,000. It provided for regular congresses, arbitration in case of disagreements over certain provisions, and the collection and dissemination of statistics and general postal information.

In 1878 the congress met in Paris, with new countries added and an aggregated population of 750,000,000 represented. The following congresses were at Lisbon and Vienna. At the latter 1,300,000,000 were represented and the whole of the western continent had come in. At the Washington congress this week there are to be added to the signatories of the treaty China, Korea and the Orange Free State. The new impetus in the commerce of the Orient renders it improbable, too, that Japan can longer ignore the substantial benefits derived from membership in this great postal family, and that she will soon be found knocking for admission.

TENNESSEE'S CENTENNIAL.

The opening of Tennessee's Centennial and National Exposition on Saturday last, according to our Sunday morning dispatches, proved a great success. President McKinley touched the button and the people of Nashville did the rest. The Nashville Banner of that date reaches us with a world of chronicles and reids, a 44-page edition, with every page illustrated in the brightest style of newspaper art. This single issue of the paper contains a complete epitome of not only the present status of the exhibition but of the incidents and agencies constituting the history which led up to it. In some respects it is a copy of the Columbian Exposition, with its central white city, and side attractions, but in many re-

spects it is original, new and unique. Many of the marvels will go far beyond those displayed at Chicago.

The whole exhibition is on a very large scale. There are separate buildings for art, transportation, machinery, commerce, minerals, and forestry, the two departments last named being in the same edifice. There is an Administration Building, a Woman's Building, one for the products and achievements of the negro race and another to be used as an auditorium. Still another building is devoted to history and education has its special home.

The grounds include about 200 acres, and some of the buildings are very large. The Minerals and Forestry building, for example, is more than 500 feet long and 124 feet wide, and the Machinery building is 391 feet by 256. The Agricultural building is nearly as large. The Woman's building is a reproduction, on a larger scale, of Andrew Jackson's famous home, "The Hermitage." Memphis and the country in which the city with the Egyptian name is situated, have united, very appropriately, in constructing an edifice in the form and semblance of the Pyramid of Cheops.

It need hardly be said that the contents of these great buildings will be worthy of their size and pretensions, and there will be many interesting features in the way of sports and historical celebrations. Altogether, the exposition is sure to prove a great source of honor to Tennessee and Nashville, and it will shed abroad much light and pleasure of the very best kind through a wide section of the country. Before it closes the exposition should be visited by a large number of northern people, and we have no doubt that pleasant memories of the fine show held at Atlanta will make Nashville a popular resort for tourists from distant as well as nearby sections, especially next fall.

THE MURDERERS.

No doubt Greece must fall and the Turk triumph. The loud acclaim by the powers of Europe over these historical incidents will none the less see met with a regretful refrain and, upon from the Christian heart of the world. But the Christian world is ruled by heartless demagogues and ambitious only to rule at whatever price.

Colonel A. Loudon Snowden of Philadelphia, who served as American minister to Greece during the Harrison administration, declares on the authority of Dr. Lipsius of Berlin, who has made a special investigation, that the Turks have massacred 100,000 Armenians, destroyed 2,500 Armenian towns and villages, sacked 568 churches and compelled 282 towns to accept Mohammedanism within the last two years. Dr. Lipsius is a fair witness, and has made a careful inquiry. He began it with a serious conviction that the Turks had been maligned and misrepresented, but as he went on with the work he discovered that the story of their infamies had been only half told, and that the full truth of their butcheries would not bear repetition to the ears of the Christian world. His dreadful statistics of the devastation of Armenia shed a vivid light upon the character and purpose of the nation whose hands the European countries are now supporting in a war of subjugation against Greece.

If Greece had a few more Smeatonians and a few less Constantines, the Turks wouldn't be beating pit out of Greek cupboards today.

Answer to correspondent: "The Chicago editor, Dunlop, goes to prison not for publishing an airship story as you infer, but obscene matter."

The artistic way in which Mr. Gladstone has wrapped his lips together since the Greeks were kicked would indicate that the grand old man was simply paralyzed.

It may interest those who are tired of reading Cuban dispatches to know that Spain's resources are now exhausted and the war cannot last longer than ten more years.

The sultan, strangely, can keep his soldiers in admirable discipline when he is fighting the Greeks, but cannot control them when they start to massacre the Armenians.

The modern Sunday newspaper, published in the large cities, is getting to be merely a gallery of photographs of people who are making an awful effort to look intellectual.

There are several infidels who really believe that if the Greeks had been fighting for Jove and Juno, Ajax, Venus and the rest, instead of for Christianity, they would have won.

The usual number of poets are talking again about resting their heads "on their sweet Anna's breast." Do they do it? As a matter of fact, they don't. The position sprains the neck.

Probably Ethel Fasha and his followers were cheered on in the darkest hour by the thought that if they were kicked, Lew Wallace would pine away and die from disappointment.

The dispatch relating how the shipwrecked sailors had to live on dog-meat will probably make several of the Eagle's Indian subscribers look on a life on the ocean wave as a picnic.

Mr. Lyons, a colored man, will be appointed postmaster at Atlanta, Georgia. As McKinley does not live in Atlanta, he has no fear of the consequences to himself. But Mr. Lyons' life will be a howling waste.

If Mrs. Abdul Hamid fell on her husband's neck for joy when the news of the victory at Larissa was received, there is reason to believe that the Sultan no longer has any neck—particularly if she went at it, one at a time.

Mr. Brown of Pratt county believes that should the maximum freight rate bill be again defeated "some of these men will be dancing at the end of rope." Mr. Brown is a very bad man. He is also a trifle frothy of brain.

Stories of an Inland State.

When Myrtle Dawn had gone with her nolos and numerous employers Mary, whom the tall man who called himself superintendent had selected, asked:

"Where did they take that girl?"

"On a farm," answered Jackson, the employment agent.

"Well God help her," said Mary. "I'm glad I escaped. A farm is it? Well, I know something about farms. Up with the sun and down with the moon and no days off. You start in the morning by building the fire before dawn, milking the cows with the first light, getting breakfast as soon as you've milked, cleaning up the dishes then; then churning; then its noon and dinner's got to get ready and then redding up again; and then mending; and then the old farmer will come in and ask you to help a man pitch hay into the barn like as not. Then it's supper; and after supper its ironing until midnight. Oh, to a farm has got? Well that young beauty will come back with a face on her that will break a looking-glass. They'll work her to death, and then kick her out in her rage. I know you're right."

Jackson smiled and reflected that no employee on that farm had ever within his knowledge returned. He did not know why.

Meanwhile Myrtle Dawn and her employers had passed out the street.

Riggs, the superintendent looked over this new house-keeper critically and said to her quietly:

"I'll be frank with you, but your dress don't suit me. You've got to have some style, or there'll be a mutiny against you. Can't you buy ready-made wrappers or something tasty at the stores?"

"I don't know," said Myrtle Dawn.

"Well I'll find out for you. I'll surprise you."

"Come along, here! You fellows. Now don't any of you get lost. Get around to the livery stable at five o'clock all of you. Hear me? Now don't fail. Yes, I'm going to keep our present house-keeper. By the way, what is your name?"

"Miss Myrtle Dawn."

"What a pretty name," the young men cried in chorus.

Riggs went into a store with Myrtle Dawn and told a young clerk that he wanted some tasteful wrappers and tea-gowns ready-made.

He remained in the front part of the store while Myrtle Dawn was being fitted out and while the shopping was completed. Riggs paid the bill and the note of it.

They passed up the street to a livery establishment. The boys were all there waiting. A spanking team had been hitched to a carry-all, the prettiest vehicle Myrtle Dawn had ever seen. Riggs took Myrtle Dawn upon the front seat beside him and drove himself. This appropriation of the new house-keeper drew out a tremendous amount of jovial grumbling from the six young men.

As he drove out of the town, Riggs, holding a stiff rein, began a long conversation with Myrtle Dawn in which she told him some of her history.

"Well," he said after hearing it, "Just keep that all to yourself. The other servants might take advantage of you in many ways if they knew it. Do you know what executive ability is?"

"No," said Myrtle Dawn.

"Well it is having those who are under you. Now you're going to be house-keeper out there at Hastings. You will have five servants under you. Make them obey you. Always be dignified and firm."

Myrtle Dawn's heart leaped at the words.

She could be that kind, she knew that.

"Be above them in everything. Eat at a separate table and do not mix with them at all. They won't respect your orders if you do. You are to see that the silver is all there; that the china is not broken; that the linen is not torn; that the house is kept clean; that the coal is used economically; that the food is good and that nothing is wasted. Now when we get to Hastings, you will go to your room, take off those duds and hide 'em and put on the best wrapper we have bought; fix your hair up neatly in a roll on your head and not let it hang down in braids like that sort of frizz it in front, and take that part out of the middle; black your eyes, and let your servants see you and do not smile at them or be friendly or they'll mutiny."

"But what do I do?"

"That's all. You just boss the house and keep an eye on everything."

Myrtle pondered over what he had said. Riggs himself was studying and at last said slowly and lowly:

"Now these boys back here. They're all nice young gentlemen, but a trifle frisky. They'll try all sorts of tricks on you. Keep 'em at arm's length. Treat 'em pleasantly, but hold 'em off. Answer their questions with dignity. They're above the servants and when they ask anything reasonable you are to obey them and please them. When you don't know how to act, come to me. I'm superintendent."

"Do farms have superintendents?" asked Myrtle.

Riggs did not answer at once. Finally he said:

"No, farms don't as a rule. But this farm has, and it has more than superintendents; it has a president, a vice-president, an auditor, a treasurer, a secretary, a solicitor and a superintendent. I'm the superintendent. Before you get through with this farm, you will see the funniest things that ever mortal man saw on a farm before!"

The man chuckled and then said, as much to himself as to Myrtle:

"I suppose it's wrong. Somebody's being robbed. But what am I to do? If they offer me that big salary am I to refuse it? I try to make 'em farm, but I can't. I can't afford to throw that salary away and let somebody else do it. I've tried to do my duty, but it isn't any use."

"What shall I do this evening?" asked Myrtle.

"Well, after you've fixed yourself up, you must come down and eat at your supper table. The servants will eat at the table after we are through. While we are eating you must see that the food is brought in quickly and hot and see that the girl who waits on it does it nicely. Just look important and tell the girl to do something, she is just about to do. Now suppose she goes to give me a cup of tea. You see it and say 'Give the gentleman her tea.'"

"Have you had a house-keeper before?" asked Myrtle.

"Yes, but she got too familiar with the servants and they murdered and mobbed her and she had to go. Don't get too free with the servants, whatever you do."

The steady team now neared a great farm house. This house was a large building and new. The great roof of trees which formed a long lane leading up to it were several years old. The farm was an old one, from appearances, and the house had been added to it or substituted for the original building in recent years.

It had grown quite dark and the lights shown in many of the windows.

Riggs held the reins tightly and Myrtle watched the great house with its yellow lights wonderfully.

Now the young men began to sing an English song, breaking forth occasionally in interruptions of lead and boisterous laughter.

When they reached the house, they all tumbled out and Riggs helped Myrtle Dawn down, handed the reins over to a man who had been waiting.

"The young men tumbled into the house and left Riggs and the new house-keeper on the outside a moment alone together."

"My child," said Riggs. "You will now enter on the strangest farming experience in the history of the world. You have nothing to do with it. But to fill the place of house-keeper. Keep your dignity straight and your good manners and morals well to the front and if there is anything humorous in you, you may be paid in full in addition to your salary."

"Do I get money then?"

"Of course you do. Twenty dollars a week."

Myrtle Dawn tried to figure how much this would be a reward and compare it with

her Indian annuity, but the task was too great and she was interrupted by Riggs pushing her forward with the remark:

"Go in. It's the nearest thing to an insane asylum that man ever devised without putting bars at the windows."

Traffic Associations.

(From "Textile America.")

The decision of the supreme court in the case of the Trans-Missouri Freight Association went to disturb business confidence because of a lack of understanding as to the nature and effect of such efforts on the part of railway managers. It is not yet perceived that some method of bringing the complex freight and passenger traffic under a common direction is as necessary as was the introduction of the telegraph to the movement of trains. When it was first proposed to run trains by telegraph a deal of opposition was aroused, and numbers of railway men regarded it as a threat to their position. The traffic associations are due to ignorance of their true function, and are certain to disappear through the growing effectiveness of the very machinery that is considered.

The traffic association in the railway system is of the same nature and function as the clearing house in the system of banking, each being instrumental of self-regulation—the natural outgrowth of necessity. The New York Clearing House is without so-called legal incorporation, yet it is gradually assuming greater powers as an organ of government, and this without exciting even passing remark. The boards of trade and centers of regulation for the several businesses connected therewith, their purpose being to facilitate transactions and compel integrity therein. As communication, seen as a distinct branch of commerce, reached administrative offices in the past, so now the great business of transportation is struggling for its unity as the means of passing to the highest economy and effectiveness. The common instrument to this end is the traffic association.

Happily, the supreme court decision and all other forms of obstruction will go to further self-regulation for the railway. They will aid to clear away misunderstanding, and to teach the necessity of avoiding conflict with wise opinion by doing the most direct road to the goal that must be reached. The notion is widespread that regulation of "commerce between the States" is only possible through the intervention of congress. The movement of commerce without such interference is thought to be lawless. The opposite of this, that commerce of necessity works out its own regulation, cannot be proved by actual progress. A showing of fact here on the part of the railway managers would be of value. But any such report would be lacking in point were it not boldly prefaced by the assertion that the traffic associations are themselves of unlawful government; that all the governing is not done from Washington and Albany, however loud the clamor.

It is difficult to see how a clear solution can be gained without defining the issue as between "the government at Washington" and the railway associations as an organ of self-government. The new legality, in fact, is to be seen in the outworking of the transportation system itself under the guidance of its own inherent law. Congress may give registration to this law when determined by the action, but it can do no more. Commerce is everywhere working toward the highest quality of service at the lowest price, involving the widest distribution. It means to this end an unshared publicity. It is fair to say that the true measure of the service of the interstate commerce commission is its work as an agent of publicity, especially as one effect thereof has been to promote uniform railway accounting.

Railways have to be run by railway experts—there is no other way. The railways of Belgium or Switzerland may be run by a bureau of "the government," or for that matter, by the government, but for the sweep of country lying between Maine and California it will have to be done by experts—by science, which is government. Again, it will be done by the individual, who is everywhere the instrument in man's action.

The idea of "government ownership," so far as it has any claim to attention, is simply the dream of the unified transportation system. There is still a widespread fear of unity, which should, however, find correction through closer cooperation, whose perfect diversity is due to the fact that it is operated as a single system. The railway traffic associations stand for the approaching unity of the transportation interests.

It is easy to lay down the rule that freight rates are to be equal and uniform, but this, like other good things, has to be worked out in practice. The problem is a very complicated one to the fact that the railway tariff continues to be based on distance, and, further, that it varies as to classes of goods. Statutes assert that rates shall be uniform, but it so happens that the statutes fail to provide for changes in rates from the very nature of things, important reductions in freight charges came about in the past through the aggressiveness of individuals, who by offering guarantees of large business or by other means secured for themselves advantages which were not at once given to the whole people. The need is to reach such a state of organization that successful warfare by individuals for lower rates will be an effect on all shippers.

To get to this the governing intelligence has to be centered in such bodies as the traffic associations; in other words, the railway men have to provide for their own law-making organizations, and this has to be done up by selections from their highest experts.

One source of confusion and error lies in the prevailing belief that the associations have as their end the maintenance of a high level of rates, as a bribe for this the traffic managers are largely to blame. The end is to regulate and govern rates, and to arbitrate the various questions which are constantly arising in railway administration. It is not possible for any set of managers, however compact the organization, to resist the countless influences which are determining railway freight and passenger charges. To accomplish it they would have to hold down the force of nature, and put an effective check upon the inventive genius of man. A given traffic association is but the instrument through which the competitive forces are moving, and these forces gain freedom and effectiveness in proportion to concentration of power to unity or administration. The locomotive is competing for its place in the round up of commerce, and all possible traffic associations can only facilitate the action.—Franklin Ford.

Mr. Johnson of Salina was not in a position to cry "Oh Mr. Johnson Turn Me Loose" to Marshal Gilbert of that city when he was stuffed himself into a jail cell. The marshal whacked him once or twice and he is prosecuting the officer.

Newton Kansas. The grandmother of a certain little boy is out of town just now. As the little boy was saying his prayers the other night his mother interrupted his petitions for blessings upon everybody at home with a "Don't you think, Bobby, that you ought to pray for grandma's safety?" The little boy stopped short. "What?" he cried, "has grandma got a bike?"

The man who likes fried eggs, and does on omelets, is the only lucky man in the world. Owing to the faithfulness of his wife, he can stuff himself with joy at a small expense ten months in a year. It is a positive misfortune to like mushrooms.

At the rate salary is making things now, brides will never be able to buy any of the new furnishings. It is as easy to give engagement presents as wedding gifts, and a smooth girl will announce her engagement at once, and keep on postponing her wedding until her house is furnished.—Albion Chase.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

A Guthrie colored woman claims she "un heard de cloud-burst."

In all nine bridges were destroyed in Logan county by the recent flood.

The Santa Wava will give a year's subscription to any one who will dig it a cy-cave.

Every modern cy-cave in Oklahoma should have a drain pipe from the bottom. The new water-works well at Guthrie caved in the other day and the city is out \$1,200.

Guthrie made a ten-strike all over the country by refusing aid from outside points.

A. H. Claassen, the new receiver of the Oklahoma City land office, is now in charge.

Judge Keaton is now holding court in Norman, having finished up the term in Oklahoma City.

The cowboy now say that the Cottonwood valley at the site of Guthrie was similarly flooded in 1879.

A delegation of Chandler citizens the day after the Guthrie club arrived on the scene and proffered their assistance.

Greavener dalkies Flynn so much that Callahan may persuade him to help him along with the Free Homes bill.

Perhaps Callahan has come home to see if it is really true that the Wichita mountains are not in the Wichita county.

As the political campaign for next fall approaches George Gardinier of Payne county has begun to show signs of life again.

People who are now saying the Guthrie flood accounts were exaggerated were the very people who strode around the streets and said that 200 were drowned.

The Kingfisher Reformer says that Callahan did right when he permitted jurisdiction over the Osage Indians to be taken away from Oklahoma justices of the peace.

It is said that there were men on the streets of Guthrie begging aid as flood-sufferers who had not lost a thing in the water, who in fact did not live on that side of the river.

Congressman Hugh Belpnap of Chicago will marry Miss Meta Steele, a pretty young woman who attracted attention in Oklahoma when she accompanied her father, the governor.

In the Stillwater jail the grand jury visited a young man named Daugherty. He jumped one of the jurors, an old man named Walbridge, and knocked him down. Daugherty is now in a cell.

The El Reno people might attend to their own papers a little. The El Reno news this week in notes on the big rain there says: "El Reno looked more like Venice than an Oklahoma town."

The Stillwater Sentinel assures its readers that the Free Homes bill will at once pass the congress and be signed by the president. It says it isn't necessary for Callahan to overwork himself.

In as great a catastrophe as the Guthrie flood seemed to be the newspapers in their first account must judge from appearances. And the appearances at Guthrie the day after the flood indicated that fully 60 people were gone.

El Reno News: Last Tuesday Mr. McCracken, a Kingfisher county blacksmith, was searching El Reno for his wife, who has mysteriously disappeared.

Mr. McCracken, who has a claim in Kingfisher county, put in the greater part of his time away from home working at his trade. On pay-day he either sent or carried his money home to Mrs. McCracken, who kept a boarder in the person of a bachelor neighbor who owned a claim several miles west, who was a very nice gentleman and a friend of the family.

Some time in February Mr. and Mrs. McCracken decided to go to Chanute, Kansas, and go into the restaurant business. On February 2nd, Mr. McCracken took his wife to Kingfisher; she was going to Chanute, he to follow as soon as he could. Some business matters arranged. At the same time he took his wife to the train he also took the trunk of the boarder, who intended to take the south-bound train for somewhere.

Since then the poor husband has heard naught of his helpmeet. Neither has the lady's son in Missouri. The dear border, like wise non est.

Foul play is feared by the husband, who with a little locked picture of the missing woman in his pocket, is making diligent inquiry as to her whereabouts. But it is now six or seven weeks since her disappearance, and it promises to be one of those mysteries that will ever be a mystery—to him.

Along the Kansas Nile.

All the bills passed by the last legislature become effective May 5.

Cy Leland is fighting George Findlay for collector of internal revenue.

Judge McFarland, who recently died at Topeka, left an estate valued at \$50,000.

At Clay Center last week a hot-house man had 12,000 square feet of glass smashed by hail.

The Newton Kansan is authority for the statement that Harvey county never had a Populist officer.

Four members of the Topeka fire department have been fired for firing their brains with fire-water.

Dan Anthony, Jr., the young man of the Leavenworth Times, is liable to be made postmaster at Leavenworth.

C. D. French, an old resident of Lawrence, whose first wife was a sister of Dudley C. Haskell, is dead, aged 59.

McGowan Hunt of Leavenworth is the latest "close personal friend" of Senator Baker's who is to be made collector of internal revenue.

Among the other demands Democrats are making in their acceptance of fusion a year and a half hence, is that Judge Holt-Kim must be dropped.

The "Southwestern Syndicate," an organization which is backing Long, is now having trouble in getting Andy Richards in the Wellington position.

On the plan that York Howard and the Arkansas City Traveler will be "beyond any way" way. Mr. Upton is apt to be made postmaster at Arkansas City.

The whisky war in Fort Scott is going to be a tame affair. The commissioners will close the saloons for a day or two, the prohibitionists will go to sleep, and then the joints will be opened up again.

It is the truth that Kansas men will boast of disasters. Recently in this city two men from two towns which had suffered from tornadoes almost came to blows over which town had lost the most people.

It is told in a dispatch from Washington that the old soldiers are fighting Cy Leland for pension agent. Leland, in the first place, is not a candidate for pension agent, and in the second place, the old soldiers have no grounds for fighting him.

The Topeka Capital and the Lawrence Journal after discussing the advisability of allowing Silver Republicans to participate at Republican primaries this fall have decided that the Silver Republicans may. At the same time the Silver Republicans will also vote at Populist primaries.

Mr. Leland's real ability is journalistic. When the opportunity comes for her to say something apropos and sensational, she is ready at it, and says it. For that reason the public is never allowed to forget her. In a newspaper office out of thirty columns of stuff of various value Mr. Leland would never hesitate about what to "play up." It is really her first article.

Abner Rebecky. At the county poor farm has recently arrived a charge who has for many years puzzled physicians and whose case is today stranger than ever. Newton Reed was born about 17 years ago and for a long time has lived in South Dickinson with relatives who have cared for him. Their removal made it best to bring him to the county farm where he is well cared for by Superintendent Kelley. When between 5 and 6 years old Reed had inflammatory rheumatism, which stopped the growth of his body. So he is today as the body of a child, with tiny limbs, drawn and misshapen by disease. The head, however, is that of a normal man, full-sized, with beard growing as usual. Mr. Reed wears only a muscated, however. There is a good servant and the eyes show an observant and intellectual brain behind. He reads the papers, talks well and takes a lively interest in life. Yet he cannot sit up, but lies away in the little bed, help- less and hopeless of ever being better. It is a sad fate for any people with all the advantages of a sound body are less contented than the unfortunate who suffers from resignation his destiny. The physicians say there is no hope for improvement, yet he may live to old age. About ten years ago he story-craft into the papers, but some of the local papers branded it as a fake. It was, however, strictly true. Yet so strange that few could believe it.